Epicedium,

OR, A

FUNERAL ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

Of our Late

Gracious Soveraign.

By *S. O.*

Tum vero exarſit juveni dolor Oſſibus ingens,
Nec Lachrymis caruere Genæ.-------Virg.

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On the DEATH of our late

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ALBION's hard Fate with equal Tears I mourn,
Ye Muſes! Will ye to your Seats return?
Or kindlier will ye chooſe her ſummets, where
Unhappy Subjects call for all your Care?
Full high they are, and all the Seaſons white;
Tho' now, ſad Emblems of her paſt delight,

Eternal black ſhall all their Brows Adorn.
Ah Muſe! to thoſe far diſtant ſhades return,
No more -------
But help th' afflicted Suppliant to Mourn.
See! what a Proſpect yield the Raging Seas?
Pindus and *Athos* too muſt yield to theſe.
What? tho' fair Flocks in Paſtures more than Fair,
Rove, and enrich the faithful Shepherds there.
Turn from the Sea and here are fairer here.
No Mildews here with their malicious Blight,
Yet ever interrupted our delight.
No droughts diverted yet the Amorous Swain,
But all was laviſhly ſupply'd with Rain:
Till bleſt *Maria* taught his Muſe to Moan;
For Heaven finds little good now ſhe is gone.
Attend, my Flocks, attend me to yon Bower,
Our more auſpicious Covert heretofore;
When I in Numbers, kindly as the Shade,
Of *Pans* vaſt love eternal Leſſons plaid.
The liſtning Rills like you attentive ſtood,
Forgat their Courſe, as you forgat your Food:
But now uncharm'd, they may for ever flow,
For nought but Melancholy pleaſes now.
Ye Swains! by long experience ſadly taught,
At what expence Enjoyments dearly bought;

Tell me your griefs, when haggard Wolves break in:
But ah! compare them not at all with mine.
Mine like rough Torrents ruffle every Field;
Reaſon and Senſe it ſelf is forc'd to yield.
True Grief like Love, its ſource, the Bitt diſdains;
Ruggid as Whirlwinds roling o're the Plains.
Such too is mine. Ye wandring Goats revere,
And own my Paſſion, while the truth ye hear!
See if the Haughty Neatherds don't lament,
And own her Glories, now they find the want.
So the blind Wretch oft by experience knows,
The Sun has Vertues which the Blinde may loſe.
Oft with too God-like Candour them diſtreſt,
She from her ſingular compaſſion bleſt.
No Foe deſerving, ſhe would none allow,
And thence forgave, till't to preſumption grew.
Leſs goodneſs Savages of old could tame,
Th' inrag'd aſſwage, and the provok'd reclaim.
But, that my Love appear not to impoſe;
Attend, ye Groves, and ſhe'll command ap plauſe.
First then, for well the Gods the firſt require,
Let Emulous Souls her Piety admire:
Her Piety the Phoſphor of our Day,
Which drove the gathering Foggs of Vice away.

No luſcious Equivoqu'e e're gain'd her Ear,
Nor ought that would the leaſt corruption bear.
Such pardon wanted, who in former Courts
Were falſe Wits Apes and mercenary Sports.
Ye Reverend Souls! who willingly did wait
To hear, and not to teach, Truths truly great,
Say if ye did not oft her Pallace chooſe,
And hardly erring offer up your Vows.
For in ſtrict reaſon, 'twould a queſtion bear,
Which moſt was Gods, or moſt the Houſe of Prayer.
Fixt as the Morning, Evening and the Night,
By choice, not force or cuſtome render'd ſweet,
Fixt were her Prayers, and fixt her beſt delight.
What her Petition was, what e're her Prayer,
Kind Heaven alike officious ſeem'd to hear.
Ah happy Swains! ye then the Bleſſings found,
Your Herds with Young, your Fields with plenty Crown'd:
But with the Object all your Joys muſt ceaſe,
Ah wretched Swains! deplore your ſad diſtreſs.

Her prudence next: But can a Verſe comprize:
The Strength and Admiration of the Wiſe?
Can things immenſe to humble Bonds ſubmit?
Or finite Verſe confine the Infinite?

View

View Her in every ſtate as Queen or Wife,
Ye Powers! how wonderful was all her Life?
Thoſe Fertil Medows were not half ſo fair,
And it ſurpaſt the Chryſtal Currents near.
Thoſe Deeps bore ſome reſemblance with her Mind,
But that it brav'd the efforts of every Wind.
No Guſts could ruffle, or efface her Charms,
Religion ſafe, and *Pan* within her Arms.
But ah! no more, the Hero now no more
Muſt with the Pow'rs and Her divide His pow'r.
Tho' then the Swains ſafe in their Grottos ſate,
While *Pan* ſecur'd and ſhe endear'd their Fate:
While *Pan* for Forrigne Good forgat his Eaſe,
She teaching us the ſacred Rights of Peace:
Tho with ſuch Wiſdom he could ſafely truſt
His Crown, the ſacred Wages of the Juſt:
Yet now Himſelf the pondrous Load muſt bear;
Loſt as he has (O fatal News to hear)
The Partner of his Wiſdom and his Care.

Go on my Muſe: Next tell the fairer Train,
What Conqueſts Vertue o're the World could gain.
By bravely graſping after things Divine,
Tell how ſhe made ev'n Crowns and Scepters ſhine.

Terrene Ambition ne're one Thought miſled;
Or idle Hopes by idler Fancies bred.
If ſhe was great, if ſhe was *Atlas* high,
'Twas her own Merit and our Neceſſity,
That firſt obtain'd all-pitying Heavens Decree.
Grandeur ſhe ſought not, nor deſir'd a Crown:
Thoſe Mercies were, and bounteous Heaven's alone.
It knew our Wants, and daign'd its Jew'l to ſpare:
But ah! how tranſient our Enjoyments were?
Juſt when our Harveſt look'd maturely White,
Black Mildews blaſted all our coy Delight.
Ah fatal Loſs! which Time can ne're repair!
Ye Streams a while with human weakneſs bear!
I'le after ſo encreaſe your ebbing Tide,
Your Sire the Sea ſhall own himſelf ſupply'd.
Ah generous *Thames*! tho Milions can't decreaſe
Thy Stores, nor Duty make thy Glories leſs.
Yet not thy bounty may with Hers compare,
Thy Millions more than trebled liv'd by her.
The Gods, the mighty Gods, that we adore,
Outpaſt Her Bounty only by their Power.
High as their Heavens, She did alike diſpenſe
To humbleſt things her ſacred Influence.

Ne're ſhone the Sun with like diffuſive Rays,
Ne're to more generous labour did he preſs,
Or Nature with more geneal Beams careſs.
The Poor were moſt her Friends, and moſt her care,
And Widdows more than Husbands loſt in Her.
No Orphan ever begg'd her ſmiles in vain:
Scarce ſhe could ſooner of her Heav'n obtain.
Now mournful *Thames* on to thy duty go,
And tell the Sea the cauſe of all our Woe;
Or melting Rocks will force thy overflow.

For ſay, my Muſe canſt thou that Task deſign,
Where Angels in our Admiration joyn?
For round their ſacred Pallaces above,
They found not kinder or ſincerer Love.
One were their Souls, one e'ne in ſympathy;
For never were they known to diſagree.
One their Enjoyments, their Afflictions one,
One their Diverſions, or in this alone
Their faithful paſſions ſomewhat different had:
Where his lov'd ſafety and her Sex forbad.
In all the reſt, Heaven fram'd them ſo intire,
Like one they hate, they pitty and admire.
Heat could not more Eſſential be to Fire.

O *Salem's* Sons! I here to you appeal,
The beſt believ'd, you beſt the Truth can tell.
Near the dejected Prince, as ſad, ye ſtood
Divideing, yet not leſſening his Load,
When the fear'd News from her Apartment fled,
The Queen, alaſs, the Queen, the Queen is Dead.
No ſecond Summons blam'd his tardy Soul,
'Twas ſtraight on Wing t' obey its Partner's call.
Scarce She, who firſt the nice diſcovery made,
Of our laſt wellfare carefull, could perſwade
Its ſtay--------
And firſt was diſcontentedly obey'd.

No more my Muſe to things beyond thy Pow'r,
With treacherous Inſolence pretend no more.
Firſt, tell the Sands that round the Ocean lie,
Or name the Fountains that compoſe the Sea.
Then I'le allow thee fit, and thee alone,
To ſing what *Maro* had with trembling Sung.
To tell her Vertues, and the Nations loſs:
Thoſe beſt compar'd with that, and that with thoſe.

FINIS.